A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE

OF

Charles Jackson,

LATE RESIDENT AT

WEXFORD, IN IRELAND,

INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT, BY WAY OF JOURNAL,

OF SEVERAL

BARBAROUS ATROCITIES

COMMITTED, IN JUNE, 1798,

BY

The Irish Rebels in that Town,

WHILE IT WAS IN THEIR POSSESSION,

TO THE GREATER PART OF WHICH HE WAS AN

EYE-WITNESS.

LONDON:

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J. WRIGHT, Piccadilly; C. and F. RIVINGTON, St. Paul's Church-yard; J. HATCHARD, Piccadilly; and J. FAULDER, in the Minories.

1798.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

A

NARRATIVE

of the

SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE

of

Charles Ellison,

who resided at

BEDFORD, IN ARLAND,

Including

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS IMPRISONMENT

and

BARBAROUS MURDERS

of

Two Irish Rebels in that Town.

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PREFACE.

TO induce me to publiſh the following narrative of what I ſuffered, and of the ſcenes I witneſſed, I have two motives. The firſt is, becauſe I conſider it my duty to my countrymen to exhibit to them the dreadful conſequences which have reſulted from the propagation of deteſtable principles among our fellow-ſubjects in Ireland. The political doctrines, recommending ſchemes of reform in the ſtate,

a which,

which, for a conſiderable time paſt, have been induſtriouſly circulated, had unſettled the minds of the people, as was evident to a common obſerver, and prepared them eagerly to embrace the wild, irrational, French notions of liberty and equality, which ſoon exterminated every juſt principle. May my happy countrymen reflect upon what has taken place there, and cheriſh, with never-ceaſing attachment and reſpect, the true liberty and ſecurity which they ſo fully enjoy!

I will candidly own, that my other motive is, an expectation that I ſhall derive ſome advantage from the ſale of this little book, ſo as to enable me again to eſtabliſh myſelf in my buſineſs. In common with numbers, I loſt at Wexford all the property I poſſeſſed; and landed in England without farther means of ſupport than

what

what had been charitably given to defray the expenſes of bringing my family to London; ſo that I have, according to the common ſaying, "the world to begin over "again."

That no doubt may be entertained of the authenticity of this account, I have done all in my power to ſatisfy the minds of the moſt ſcrupulous, that I am worthy of being credited for what I have related. The letters which are added will be vouchers for me; and, ſhould any perſon require other proofs, I ſhall always be ready to give ſuch anſwers as I truſt will remove all doubt. I therefore think it is proper for me to add, that I have fixed my reſidence at No. 8, Chapel-ſtreet, Tottenham-Court-road.

Copy of a Letter from Nathaniel Whitworth, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General, to Lieutenant-Colonel Brinley, Adjutant-General's Office, Horse-Guards, London.

Haverfordwest, July 3, 1798.

DEAR BRINLEY,

I WILL offer no sort of apology for the favour I am about to ask, knowing you to possess a sufficiency of the milk of human kindness to relieve objects of real distress. The bearer has a tale to unfold, relative to his sufferings by the rebellion at present raging in the county of Wexford, that I am sure will excite your commiseration. You may rest assured of the truth of what he may advance, which has been

corroborated

corroborated by the teſtimony of many reſpectable clergymen from Wexford. You will perceive, by a certificate in his poſſeſſion, that he has been relieved by our committee with money ſufficient to carry him to London. What I have to requeſt of you is, that you will have the goodneſs to point out the proper office for him to preſent the certificate he poſſeſſes, as I am morally certain it will be productive of a ſmall pecuniary relief to enable him to follow his buſineſs.

Your's, moſt truly,

N. WHITWORTH.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brinley.

Head-Quarters, Wexford,
June 26, 1798.

PERMIT CHARLES JACKSON, his wife, and child, to paſs from hence to England, free and unmoleſted.

(Signed) F. G. LAKE,
Aid-de-Camp to Lt-Gen. Lake.

To all Officers, Civil and Military.

Port of Milford.

THE above is a true copy of the paſs lodged in the Cuſtom-Houſe, Milford. — Given under my hand and ſeal of office, this 29th June, 1798.

GEORGE HOUGH, Collector.

I KNOW CHARLES JACKSON, being his parish-miniſter, and certify that he conducted himſelf with true loyalty.

WILLIAM EASTWOOD.

WE certify, that we know CHARLES JACKSON to be a very proper man and a truly loyal ſubject.

JOHN JACOB, [a clergyman of the church of England, near Wexford; ſon of Dr. Jacob, a phyſician, who is the mayor of Wexford and captain of the Wexford infantry.]

N. C. H. HATCHELL, [firſt lieutenant, Wexford infantry.]

RALPH BOYD, [proteſtant miniſter of a church near Wexford.]

JOSHUA

JOSHUA NUNN, [of St. Margaret's, co. Wexford, a man of great property.]

J. JOHNSON, [a physician of Wexford.]

ROBERT SPARROW, [a quaker, and a merchant.]

Haverfordweſt, July 2, 1798.

WE do hereby certify, that the within-named CHARLES JACKSON has received, from the Fund for the Relief of Iriſh Fugitives, ten guineas, for the purpoſe of carrying himſelf and family to London.

FRANCIS FORTUNE.

JOHN HIGGON.

H. PHILLIPS.

NATHANIEL WHITWORTH,
Dep. Commiſ. Gen.

A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE

OF

CHARLES JACKSON, &c.

I Was born an Engliſhman; and, at an early period of life, about five years ago, went to Ireland. At Cork I married, and received £200 with my wife. In the beginning of the year 1797, I ſettled in the town of Wexford, as a carver and gilder, where, being the only perſon in that line of buſineſs in that county, I was much employed, and enabled to ſupport my family in a creditable manner, till the breaking out of the late horrid rebellion.

On Saturday night, May 26, 1798, information was firſt received of the rebels being in force, about twelve miles from Wexford. The troops at that time in the town, con-

fisting of a party of the North-Cork militia, between 300 and 400 men, and the cavalry and infantry corps of yeomen, were under arms the whole of the night; and, on Sunday morning, the alarm increased on hearing that the rebels were burning the houses of all the Protestant farmers in the neighbourhood. A party of the North-Cork militia, consisting of 106 men, were ordered out, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Foote and Major Lumbard, and marched to a place called Oulard, where they were met by the rebels. The situation of the ground was so unfavourable, that the party, after firing three rounds, (by which a considerable number of the rebels were killed,) was surrounded and cut to pieces, Colonel Foote and two privates only escaping. The moment an account of this disaster arrived, the Wexford infantry, which were assembled on the quay, insisted on being allowed to go out to meet the rebels and revenge the slaughter of their friends. Their officers, to pacify them, marched them over the bridge of Wexford and then addressed them, and at last prevailed upon them to return to the town.

The terror of the inhabitants that night can better be imagined than described. To add to it, all the families in the neighbourhood, who

were able, were ſeen flying into the town, leaving their property behind them; the women, who had loſt their huſbands in the late engagement, running through the ſtreets with their fatherleſs children, with all the expreſſions of diſtreſs. Nothing could exceed the anxiety viſible in every countenance of the female inhabitants who had huſbands, ſons, fathers, or brothers, belonging to the different loyal corps of volunteers, and the conſtant apprehenſion of the arrival of the inſurgents, fluſhed with the recent victory, and now rendered more formidable by having obtained the arms and ammunition of the militia who were ſlain. It indeed appeared, to us unacquainted with the miſeries of civil war, a terrible ſcene.

That night, Sunday, May 27, the loyal inhabitants were all employed in making preparations for the arrival of our foes, and hourly in hopes of reinforcements from Waterford. — No attack was made during the night. The next day, Monday, May 28th, about one o'clock, we ſaw the ſmoke of the town of Enniſcorthy, then in flames. (Enniſcorthy is ſituated on the ſea-coaſt, about eleven miles from Wexford.) The loyaliſts made a moſt gallant defence, and would have repulſed the rebels, had not the Catholic inhabitants treacherouſly

cherouſly ſet fire to the town, to ſmother the troops who were defending it. Thus circumſtanced, the troops were obliged to ſecure their ſafety in flight, after having cut off about 500 of the rebels. Here it may not be improper to remark, that the manner in which the rebels attacked their opponents was, by driving before them a great quantity of horſes (without any perſons on them) and cattle, in order to diſorder their ranks.

'At about four o'clock this afternoon, no deſcription can give an adequate idea of the ſcene preſented at Wexford. The inhabitants, who had eſcaped from Enniſcorthy and its neighbourhood, puſhed into the town in crowds; perſons of the firſt fortunes, in that part of the country, covered with duſt and blood, with their infants in their arms, and their wives clinging behind them; and ſuch women, as had not been able to procure a horſe or ſeat with their huſbands, endeavouring to keep up with the mob of fugitives, with their children in their arms and others hanging to them; women who, but a few hours before, were in poſſeſſion of every comfort life could afford. The inhabitants of Wexford, ſtill more terrified by the ſpectacle now before them, were each endeavouring to ſecure a birth for their wives and children on board ſome one of the

veſſels

veſſels lying in the harbour, every one of which was ſoon filled as full as it could hold. The gallant huſbands and fathers now returned to their reſpective parades, apparently fortified with a double portion of courage, ſince the objects of their tendereſt care ſeemed to have been placed in ſafety. The next morning, Tueſday, May 29, a party of the Donegal militia arrived, with two pieces of cannon, and brought news that more aſſiſtance was advancing; but, about twelve o'clock, we received intelligence that a party of artillery-men, with cannon and howitzers, had been taken by the rebels. Orders were now given that all fires ſhould be put out, and that ſuch houſes as had thatched roofs ſhould be immediately ſtripped, to prevent the diſaffected party from following the example of their aſſociates at Enniſcorthy, by ſetting fire to the town during the time of its being attacked.

On Wedneſday, May 30, in the morning, the troops (the Donegal and Cork militia, near 600 in all) went out to meet the rebels, who were now ſuppoſed to be 15,000 ſtrong. About three miles from Wexford, at a place called Three Rocks, there was ſome firing, when the militia, finding them ſo powerful from numbers, and in poſſeſſion of the artillery taken the day before, retreated to the town.

There

There were at this time, in the gaol of Wexford, in conſequence of an order from Dublin, Mr. Beecham Bagnall Harvey, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Cokely, all men of property and of great intereſt in the county. A council was called, and it was reſolved, that it was impoſſible to defend the town, as the greateſt part of the Catholics who had taken up arms had deſerted. The proportion of the Catholic inhabitants of Wexford I believe to have been about three to one Proteſtant, but only about 200 had taken up arms; on the remainder, however, no dependance could be placed. Two gentlemen, Mr. Richards, a counſellor, and Dr. Jacobs, a phyſician, mayor of the town, were appointed to offer to ſurrender the town to the rebels, and to endeavour to ſave the lives of the inhabitants; to which condition the rebels agreed. In the mean time, the troops, accompanied by all the unmarried yeomen, effected their eſcape to Duncannon-Fort, about twenty-three miles off.

I now return to what more immediately relates to myſelf. On Thurſday, May 24, three days before the breaking out of the rebellion, my wife was brought to bed; and, on the Monday following, the day of the battle at Enniſcorthy, I thought myſelf fortunate in being able to remove her with her infant, and

place

place them on board one of the veſſels, in which we had no doubt of being ſafely carried to Wales. In this veſſel we continued, on the open deck, with only a ſail to cover us, till Wedneſday morning, May 30, when, about two o'clock, we ſaw the toll-houſe and part of the bridge of Wexford on fire. The town was immediately in an uproar; and, while the cavalry were endeavouring to cut away a part of the bridge, to prevent the flames from communicating to the town, the quays, and every avenue leading to the water-ſide, were crowded with women and children, begging, in the moſt pitiable manner, to be admitted on board the veſſels. But that was impoſſible; they were already filled in every part. — One young lady, in particular, threw herſelf into the ſea, to get on board a ſmall boat that was near the quay, and would have been drowned, had not ſome men in a boat taken her up; and they were immediately in great danger of loſing their lives, owing to the numbers who preſſed forward to reach their boat. On ſeeing the flames, the veſſels all weighed and ſtood towards the mouth of the harbour, where they caſt anchor. About one o'clock, a white flag was ſeen flying in Wexford, (a ſignal that the rebels were in poſſeſſion of the town,) and the captain

of our veſſel inſtantly anſwered it by another. His example was followed by the reſt, except two, which ſailed for Wales. They then again weighed anchor, and ſtood for the town. We now concluded the die was caſt, and that we were to be given up to our enemies. — Every entreaty I could urge was ſtrenuouſly enforced to induce the captain to carry us to Wales, but without effect. With a mind almoſt diſtracted I went into the hold, where my wife and her infant were now lodged, to take what I ſuppoſed would be a laſt farewel; but the horror expreſſed in her emaciated countenance deterred me from communicating all my apprehenſions. At length we arrived at the quay; and, with my charge, I was landed on the beach. Which way to turn me I knew not, and every moment expected that a ball or pike would put an end to my miſeries. Towards my own houſe I was afraid to move, believing that I ſhould be murdered on my way. While I was in this anxious ſtate of ſuſpenſe, one of their captains, of the name of Furlong, came up to me, and aſked if I belonged to the town, and whether I had any arms: I told him, that, at the houſe where I had lived, I had a muſket. He bid me follow him and give it up. I requeſted him to protect us through the

town, as we had half a mile to go to my houſe, which he promiſed. We paſſed through crowds of the rebels, who were in the moſt diſorderly ſtate, without the leaſt appearance of diſcipline. They had no kind of uniform, but were moſt of them in the dreſs of labourers, white bands round their hats and green cockades* being the only marks by which they were diſtinguiſhed. They made a moſt fantaſtic appearance, many having decorated themſelves with parts of the apparel of ladies, found in houſes which they had plundered. Some wore ladies' hats and feathers; others, caps, bonnets, and tippets. From the military which were routed they had alſo collected ſome clothing, which added to the motley ſhow. Their arms conſiſted chiefly of pikes, of an enormous length, the handles of many of them being ſixteen or eighteen feet long. Some carried ruſty muſkets. They were accompanied by great numbers of women ſhouting and huzzaing for the *Croppies*, and crying, Who now dare ſay, "*Croppies, lie down?*" alluding to a popular ſong. It was impoſſible for a mob to be more wild and frantic: — many of the men ſeemed in a ſtate of in-

* *Green* has been adopted as an emblem by the Iriſh rebels, with a reference to the trefoil, or *ſhamrock*.

toxication. The houſes firſt attacked were, the Cuſtom-Houſe, and thoſe of Mr. Lee, the collector, Captain Boyd's, and the Rev. Mr. Millar's. In a ſhort time, nothing remained but bare walls. The Catholic inhabitants were unmoleſted, and numbers of them aſſiſted the rebels, and even ſeized and delivered up their Proteſtant neighbours.

Following cloſe the horſe of our conductor, I paſſed ſafely with my wife and child through this terrible ſcene to my houſe. I gave him my muſket, and he rode off. My wife laid down on a bed, and I crept under it, thinking to hide myſelf in caſe I ſhould be ſought for. I had not been in this ſituation more than ten minutes when I heard my name called, and a ſound of feet on the ſtairs. Preſently the door opened, and one Patrick Murphy, with ſix others, all armed, came into the room. This Murphy was a near neighbour of mine, and had always profeſſed a great regard for me. My wife, on ſeeing him, threw herſelf off the bed with the child in her arms, and fell on her knees, entreating them to ſpare me. One of them ſwore if ſhe did not ſay where I was, he would blow her brains out. On hearing this, from fear of her being injured, I ſhewed myſelf, and was immediately ſeized and dragged down ſtairs. My wife begged to be allowed to go

along

along with me; but they told her, if ſhe attempted to follow, they would run her through with their pikes. I left my houſe, ſuffering the pangs of a man going to execution, and was conducted to the barracks, near a mile off, through ſtreets filled with creatures who appeared to me more like devils than men.

At the barracks, I was put into a room in which there were about eight others, all expecting ſoon to be put to death. Every moment ſome of the rebels, with pikes and piſtols in their hands, came in to view us. After remaining in this ſituation about an hour, one of the rebels, armed with an old bayonet fixed to the end of a long pole, aſked if there were any bloody Orangemen* or informers there. One of the townſmen pointed me out, on which he made a thruſt at my throat, but the point was prevented from entering by a thick cuſhion under my cravat. He then wounded me ſlightly juſt below my hip. At that moment, Counſellor Richards, belonging to the town, who had been obliged

* An *orange* ribbon, from the time of the Revolution, has been the emblem of loyalty and proteſtantiſm in Ireland; and every Proteſtant is now denominated by the Iriſh rebels an *Orange-man*, from his reſpect to the memory of King William III. (Prince of *Orange*,) who reſcued Ireland from the dominion of popery and ſlavery.

to

to join the rebels to ſave his own life, came into the room with Mr. Bagnall Harvey, and, ſeeing the ſtate I was in, requeſted him to ſave me, which Mr. Harvey did by taking me out with him. Which way to go I knew not, and entreated Mr. Richards to convey me to a place of ſafety. He ſaid he did not know what was beſt to do with me, but would take me to a Mr. Hughes, at the Foley, a brewery. He accordingly protected me through the midſt of the mob, as we had to go almoſt two hundred yards from the barracks. Unfortunately, as I entered the houſe, one of the townſmen ſaw me, and informed others that an Orangemen had ſecreted himſelf in that houſe. I went up a back ſtair-caſe, and got into a ſmall room at the top of the houſe, where was a bed lying upon the ground. Being almoſt exhauſted, I intended to lie down; but had not been above five minutes in the room when I heard perſons below ſearching the houſe. I opened a window that looked into the garden, and thought to have leaped out, but fortunately ſaw the tops of ſome of the rebel-pikes juſt under me. I ſhould then have crept under the bed, but providentially ſaw a ſmall door, in the inſide of the room, belonging to a cupboard, which was formed by the eaves of the houſe. I got in, but was

forced

forced to ſit almoſt double. Soon my purſuers came into the room; and, not ſeeing me, were going out again, when one of them called the others back to examine a cupboard he had juſt obſerved. I then thought nothing could ſave me; and, if ever living man felt the terrors of death, I did. He opened the door of the cupboard, but, providentially holding his muſket ſlanting, the muzzle, puſhed into the cupboard, ſtruck againſt the roof; on which, ſuppoſing it empty, without turning his head, he went away. Thus diſappointed, I heard them propoſe to ſet fire to the houſe, but that was over-ruled.

In that ſituation I continued till ten o'clock at night; I then ventured out, and got over the rocks to a place called Maudlin-Town, (near a mile from Wexford,) to the houſe of an old woman of the name of Cole, whom I thought I could truſt. I found the houſe empty, except an old bedſtead, with ſome ſtraw upon it. Being fearful I ſhould be ſeen if I lay at top, I was forced to get under it, and lay the whole night upon nothing but the earthen floor. Having eat nothing the whole day, and being almoſt worn out with exertion and agitation of ſpirits, I endeavoured to ſleep, but my terror, for fear the rebels ſhould come in and put me to death, prevented me. People came into the cabin ſeveral

times

times during the night, but never looked under the bed. About eight o'clock the next morning, (May 31ſt,) the old woman, who owned the cabin, came home, (ſhe was a Roman Catholic,) and I made myſelf known to her, begging, in the moſt earneſt manner, that ſhe would permit me to remain concealed there till affairs were a little ſettled. She told me ſhe would as long as ſhe could without endangering herſelf, and that ſhe would go into town and ſee how matters went, which ſhe accordingly did; and, in about two hours, returned with information that the inſurgents were ſearching all the houſes for Proteſtants, and committing them to gaol; and farther told me, if I ſhould be found there, that they would kill her and burn the houſe, therefore it was neceſſary I ſhould go to ſome other place. I thought it prudent to comply. She then gave me ſome bread and beer, and adviſed me to try and get among the fields, and lay in the hedges by day, and travel by night.* Accordingly, now, as every houſe was ſhut againſt me, and I had no friend to fly to for refuge, I got out at her back-door, and went about two miles acroſs the country, when I met an old woman, and requeſted her to ſhew me what road I had better take

* She afterwards informed my wife I had not been gone ten minutes when they came ſearching for me.

to

to effect my eſcape. She told me it was in vain to attempt it; for that, if I did not belong to the rebels, my own brother would betray me. I left her and went on, but ſoon heard voices behind me, calling on to me to ſtop, and I ſhould have mercy. I turned round, and ſaw ſix men advancing with pikes in their hands. They ſeized me, and conducted me back to town, and then put me into gaol, in which I found about two hundred and twenty Proteſtants. The gaol is a very ſtrong building, ſituated at a ſhort diſtance from the barracks, and ſo built round with walls that you can ſee no perſon whatever paſs or repaſs.

Towards evening, a fellow, of the name of Dick Monk, one who had formerly been a ſhoe-black in the town, but now was raiſed by the rebels to the rank of a captain, came into the gaol, and bid us prepare our ſouls for death, for that all of us, except ſuch, as upon examination, he ſhould releaſe, would be put to death at twelve o'clock that night. The manner of his examining was two-fold; firſt, politically; and, then, religiouſly: — the form of his political examination was this: —

Queſt. Are you ſtraight?

Anſ. I am.

Queſt. How ſtraight?

Anſ. As ſtraight as a ruſh.

Queſt. Go on then.

Anſ. In Truth, in Truſt, in Unity, and in Liberty.

Queſt. What have you got in your hand?

Anſ. A green bough.

Queſt. Where did it firſt grow?

Anſ. In America.

Queſt. Where did it bud?

Anſ. In France.

Queſt. Where are you going to plant it?

Anſ. In the crown of Great Britain.

They then gave each other the hand, but in a way I did not underſtand. The preceding queſtions and anſwers, however, appear to be a part of the *United Iriſhmen*'s catechiſm, by which they know each other.

The religious examination was this:—

Queſt. Are you a Chriſtian?

If the perſon anſwered — Yes, he was required to bleſs himſelf, and ſay the Ave Maria. If he could do this, in the Roman-Catholic manner, and go through the other form, then he was acquitted.

I believe Monk, after having gone through this two-fold examination with ſeveral perſons, ſelected ſix to be ſaved, and took them with him out of the priſon. — The ſituation of us that remained can better be imagined than deſcribed. We all went directly

to

to prayer, and ſpent the night in the moſt horrid ſuſpenſe. No one, however, came near us that night: the next morning, June 1, ſome potatoes and water were brought us, which proved a very ſeaſonable relief.

On the Sunday following, June 3, a man, of the name of Murphy, by trade a labourer, but who had been an evidence againſt ſome of the United Iriſhmen at the previous Aſſizes, (though none of them ſuffered,) was taken up by the rebels, and condemned to die.

On Monday morning, June 4, about nine o'clock, John Gurly, one of the priſoners, came to me. "Jackſon," ſaid he, "the Lord have "mercy upon you! you are called to go into "the yard with my brother Jonas, and Kinneith "Mathews."* The words had ſuch an effect on me, that my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; for, I thought I was called to be executed. The gaoler came in, and took us into the yard, where was one Edward Fraine, a tanner, who lived in John-ſtreet, and was ſuppoſed to make by his trade 300*l.* a year. There were alſo many other perſons belonging to the town. Fraine was captain of the rebel-guard for the day. As ſoon as I came out, he ſaid,

* Jonas Gurly was a hatter, and Mathews a toll-gatherer of the bridge of Wexford.

" Mr. Jackſon, I believe you know what we " want of you." — I anſwered " Yes, I ſup- " poſed I was going to die." I then fell upon my knees, and begged, that, if that was the caſe, I might be allowed to ſee my wife and child. He ſwore that I ſhould not; that I was not then going to die, but that a man was to die at ſix o'clock that evening, and that he did not know more proper perſons to execute him than me and the two others. He added, " I ſuppoſe you can " have no objection, as he is a Roman-Catho- " lic?" — " Why, ſir," ſaid I, " ſhould I have " no objection to commit murder?" — " You " need not talk," replied he, " about murder; " if you make any objections, you ſhall be put " to death in ten minutes; but, if you do your " buſineſs properly, perhaps, you may live two " or three days longer; ſo I expect you three " will be ready at ſix o'clock this evening." — Another then came up, and ſaid, " Mr. Jackſon, " if you could procure a few Orange ribbons to " tie about your neck at the time of the execu- " tion, it would, I think, have a very pretty " appearance; and, at the ſame time, I have a " couple of balls much at your ſervice when " it is over, as I think it is a pity you ſhould " get no return for the favour you confer." — We were then carried back to our cells, and ſpent the day in prayer till ſix o'clock, at which

which time, being brought to the great door, we found the priſoner Murphy, with nearly a thouſand men about him. — The proceſſion went in the following order. A large body of pike-men, who were formed into a hollow ſquare. A black flag. Then the drums and fifes. Murphy, the condemned man, came next, followed by me, with Gurly and Mathews behind me. As ſoon as this arrangement was made, the Dead March was ſtruck up, and beat from the gaol to the place of execution, which was a mile and a half off, on the other ſide of the bridge, on a wide ſtrand. The proceſſion paſſed by my houſe. When I came oppoſite to it, I was ſo much affected as almoſt to faint: ſome water was brought me, and I proceeded. As ſoon as we reached the deſtined ſpot, all the rebels, with their arms in their hands, kneeled down, and prayed for about five minutes. This I underſtood was, becauſe the victim was a Roman-Catholic. An order was then given to form a half-circle, with an opening to the water. The poor man was directed to kneel down, with his back to the water, and his face towards us, which he did, with his hands claſped. I requeſted to be allowed to tie my cravat round his eyes. They told me not to be too nice about the matter; for, in a few minutes, it would be

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my own caſe. The muſkets were then called for; but it was ſuggeſted, if they gave us three muſkets, we might turn and fire at them; on which it was ſettled that we ſhould fire one at a time. The firſt appointed to fire was Mathews, and it was remarkable the piece miſſed fire three times. During this time, the countenance of the condemned man exhibited ſuch an appearance of inexpreſſible terror, as will never be effaced from my memory. The man who owned the muſket was *damned*, and aſked — What ſort of piece was that to carry to a field of battle? — A common ſporting-gun was then brought, and fired by Mathews, and the ball hit the poor man in the arm. I was next called upon; and, ſuſpecting that I ſhould not fire at their object, but turn upon them, two men advanced, one on each ſide of me, and held cocked piſtols to my head; two alſo ſtood behind me with cavalry-ſwords, threatening me with inſtant death, if I miſſed the mark. I fired; and the poor man fell dead: after which, Gurly was obliged to fire at the proſtrate body. When it was over, a propoſal was made that I ſhould waſh my hands in his blood; but this was over-ruled; and they ſaid, as I had done my buſineſs well, I ſhould go back. A ring was now formed round us, and a ſong in honour of the Iriſh republic was

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ſung to the tune of "*God ſave the King!*" — This dreadful buſineſs had taken up about three hours, when we were marched back to the gaol.

Several days paſſed without my being particularly noticed; but, during that period, many priſoners were taken out, a few at a time; and, being carried to the camp, were piked. On the day that information was received of the rebels being defeated at Roſs, to revenge the loſs, fifteen of the Wexford, and ten of the Ennifcorthy people, were ordered out of the gaol. When this notice was given, I ran into my cell, got upon my knees in a dark corner, and pulled ſome ſtraw over me; but a man, of the name of Prendergaſt, came in and drew me out, uttering ſhocking threats againſt me. He dragged me into the yard, where I found my unhappy comrades upon their knees. One of them, who had been a Proteſtant, but had become a Catholic, and who was now impriſoned on a charge of being an Orange-man, requeſted to have the prieſt with him before he died. This was immediately granted; and a meſſenger was ſent to Father Curran, the Roman-Catholic pariſh-prieſt of Wexford. He preſently came; and, to give effect to his admonition and interceſſion, had dreſſed himſelf in his cowl, and bore a cru-

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cifix in his hand. He held up the crucifix, and all preſent fell on their knees. He exhorted them in the moſt earneſt manner: he conjured them, as they hoped for mercy, to ſhew it: he made every poſſible exertion to ſave the lives of all the priſoners: but it was in vain. He ſaid, he could witneſs that the Wexford people had never fired upon them or done them any injury, and that he could not again ſay maſs to them if they perſiſted in their cruel reſolutions. At laſt, he influenced them ſo far as to prevail upon them to return into the gaol the fifteen Wexford men; but, for thoſe from Enniſcorthy, he could obtain no remiſſion.

With hearts overflowing with gratitude to the Almighty, we went back to our confinement, and in that ſtate remained, every day ſeeing more priſoners brought in, and others taken out to be maſſacred, each of us apprehending it would next be his lot. On Wedneſday, June 20, about eight o'clock in the morning, we heard the drums beat to arms and the town-bell ring, which was a ſure ſign to us of our friends being near; but, at the ſame time, we expected we ſhould be cut off before they could arrive and releaſe us. In this terrible ſtate of ſuſpenſe we remained till four o'clock in the afternoon, when we heard

a horrid noiſe at the gate, and a demand of the priſoners. Eighteen or twenty were immediately taken out; and, in about half an hour, the rebels returned for more victims. In the whole, they took out ninety-eight. — Thoſe who were laſt called out were ſeventeen in number. Mr. Daniels and Mr. Robinſon, both gaugers; Mr. Atkins, a tide-waiter; Mathews and Gurly, who were with me at the execution of Murphy; and myſelf, were included in this lot. The moment Mathews put his head out of the gaol, he was ſhot dead; which, I believe, would have been the fate of us all, had not a Mrs. Dixon, (wife to a man who kept a public houſe in the town, and who had been made a captain by the rebels,) when Mathews fell, immediately advanced, and deſired they would deſiſt, as they ought to allow the people on the bridge *the pleaſure of ſeeing us.* We were accordingly marched to the bridge; and, when we came in ſight of the people aſſembled there to witneſs the executions, they almoſt rent the air with ſhouts and exultations. I and my ſixteen fellow-priſoners knelt down in a row. The blood of thoſe who had been already executed on this ſpot (eighty-one in number) had more than ſtained, it ſtreamed upon, the ground about us. They firſt began the bloody tragedy by taking out Mr. Daniels, who, the

moment he was touched with their pikes, ſprung over the battlements of the bridge into the water, where he was inſtantly ſhot. Mr. Robinſon was the next: he was piked to death. — The manner of piking was, by two of the rebels puſhing their pikes into the front of the victim, while two others puſhed pikes into his back, and in this ſtate (writhing with torture) he was ſuſpended aloft on the pikes till dead. He was then thrown over the bridge into the water. — They ripped open the belly of poor Mr. Atkins; and, in that condition, he ran ſeveral yards; when, falling on the ſide of the bridge, he was piked. Thus they proceeded till they came to Gurly, who was next to me. At that moment, one of them came up to me, and aſked me if I would have a prieſt. I felt my death to be certain, and I anſwered "No." He then pulled me by the collar; but was deſired to wait till Gurly was finiſhed. While they were torturing him, General Roach rode up in great haſte, and bid them beat to arms; informing them that Vinegar-Hill camp was beſet, and that reinforcements were wanting. This operated like lightning upon them: they all inſtantly quitted the bridge, and left Mr. O'Connor, an organiſt; William Hamilton, the bailiff of the town; and myſelf, on our knees. The mob (conſiſting of more women than men) which had been ſpectators of

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this dreadful ſcene, alſo inſtantly diſperſed in every direction, ſuppoſing the king's troops were at hand. We were ſo ſtupified by terror that we remained for ſome time in this poſture without making the leaſt effort to eſcape. The rebel-guard ſoon came to us, and took us back to the gaol; telling us, that we ſhould not eſcape longer than the next day, when neither man, woman, or child, of the Proteſtants, ſhould be left alive. But it pleaſed GOD to prevent their dreadful intention from being carried into effect, by giving ſucceſs to his Majeſty's arms.

We entered the gaol with hearts overflowing with gratitude to the Great Creator for our late wonderful preſervation. For the arrival of the troops we looked, with ſome hope and extreme anxiety, the whole night, till about five o'clock in the morning, when we heard the joyful ſound of cannon. Our agitation increaſed; one moment expecting the troops to arrive, and the next that we might on the inſtant be put to death; when, about eleven o'clock, the turnkey came to us, to inform us that we might walk out into the large yard. He addreſſed us by the title of Gentlemen, from which we were aſſured that ſome great alteration had taken place: but we ſuppreſſed our feelings, leſt the news which

influenced them might not be true. About three o'clock, the captain of the rebel-guard, a Mr. Murphy, came in, and addreſſed Major Savage, one of the priſoners, offering him the keys of the gaol, and arms for us all, if he would admit ſome of the rebels into the gaol, and ſtrive to ſave them from that fate their own conſciences told them they ſo richly deſerved. This Murphy kept an earthenware-ſhop on the quay at Wexford. His offer was inſtantly accepted by all, and accordingly we obtained the arms of thoſe who a few minutes before were guarding us. The rebels now changed ſituations with us, and, as agreed upon, were locked up by Major Savage, who brought all of us who had muſkets to the iron rails on each ſide of the great priſon-door. Here we ſtood, determined to conquer or die if attacked. About five o'clock we had the heartfelt gratification of ſeeing the gallant Captain Boyd, accompanied by eight of his own corps, riding full gallop through the town; but not a rebel was there to be found. All the green boughs were immediately torn from the windows; and "Liberty and Equality," which before were conſpicuous on every door, were now no where to be ſeen. Captain Boyd was member of parliament for the town of Wexford, and colonel of the Wexford cavalry. He recommended

commended to us not to leave the gaol at preſent, as the troops, expected in town, might ſuppoſe us enemies. This precaution proved not to be neceſſary, for the troops were encamped a mile ſhort of the town, and orders iſſued by the generals, that no man ſhould be put to death unleſs he had been tried and condemned by a court-martial. In about an hour after Captain Boyd left us, two companies of the Queen's Royals arrived, and, giving three cheers, ſet us at liberty.

Reprieved criminals only can have experienced ſuch feelings as ours, on being releaſed. The ſcene that followed no pen can deſcribe. Women running in every direction towards the gaol, trembling for the fate of their relatives who had been impriſoned. Wives ſeeking for their huſbands; mothers for their ſons; ſiſters for their brothers; and children for their fathers. The ecſtaſy of thoſe who diſcovered their friends, and the diſtraction of others who had loſt their deareſt connections, cannot be imagined. The gallant ſoldiers, who were witneſſes of what paſſed, though now accuſtomed to diſtreſſing ſpectacles, could not refrain from ſhedding tears or joining in the exultations. In ſome inſtances, the wife, ſeeing her huſband, would ruſh into his arms, and overwhelm him with careſſes; but, on inquiring for a brother, learned he was

no

no more! One inſtance I cannot refrain from mentioning. A woman, of the name of Smith, whoſe huſband was a hatter, and brother-in-law to Gurly who ſuffered on the bridge, came with her ſeven children to the cell where I had been confined, to inquire for her huſband. He was put to death the night before. While ſhe heard his fate, ſhe ſaw his hat lying on the ground. She ſeized it, and the children clung to it with ſhrieks and ſcreams till ſhe fainted away, and was carried off, followed by her weeping babes. But, to relate the particulars of that never-to-be-forgotten day, would fill a volume. Of myſelf I will not attempt to ſay more, than that, in the midſt of ſuch a ſcene as I have mentioned, my wife, with her infant, appeared before me. The ſenſations of both left us no power of utterance. She ſaw me, as it were, reſtored to life, and I had remained totally ignorant of her fate. We had been ſeparated three weeks and two days; during which time I was in conſtant expectation of death; and ſhe had lingered with ſcarcely a gleam of hope that I ſhould eſcape. My infant I had ſcarcely contemplated a moment in peace from the hour of his birth.

We quitted a ſpot become horrid to me, and went to the place where I once had a comfortable home. The houſe was ſtanding, uninjured; but every thing belonging to me had been

been deſtroyed, even to my working-tools, within half an hour after the time I was firſt taken to gaol. A lady in the neighbourhood humanely afforded us an aſylum, and once more we ſat down in ſecurity.

Before night, many perſons, who had joined the rebels, but ſtill remained in the town, were taken up, and committed to gaol. The next day a military court-martial was aſſembled, compoſed of one general-officer and ſix colonels, from different regiments. Never were trials carried on more impartially than thoſe which now took place. Every man, who gave evidence, was examined upon oath, and the priſoners were allowed to call all whom they required in their juſtification. The trial of Mr. Bagnall Harvey laſted near eight hours, though it was univerſally known he had acted as commander-in-chief of the rebels.

As Mr. Harvey ſtood in ſo conſpicuous a ſituation among the rebels, I naturally imagine my ſtory will render a ſhort account of him intereſting. He was ſon of a proteſtant clergyman who bore a moſt reſpectable character; and, in fact, his whole family were univerſally and deſervedly beloved. He poſſeſſed a good eſtate in the county of Wexford; and, having been called to the bar, was uſually called Counſellor Harvey. He was a man of al-

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moſt the loweſt ſtature, thin, and his viſage long, with very plain features. In his eyes there was ſomething expreſſive. His private character was much reſpected. Nothing occaſioned more aſtoniſhment among the generality of the inhabitants of Wexford than when the order came from Dublin to take him up; but his future conduct ſufficiently proved how accurate Government was in its information. The firſt time I ſaw Mr. Harvey, after the rebels had taken poſſeſſion of the town, was, at the time I was carried a priſoner to the barracks, where I ſaw him and General Roach taking poſſeſſion of the king's ſtores, and endeavouring to reduce the infatuated unruly mob, of which he was nominal commander, to ſome degree of order. Mr. Harvey wore his ordinary clothes, with the addition of ſilver epaulets; but, when I ſaw him, he had no arms, except a piſtol, which he carried in his hand. He appeared to me to be about forty years of age.

Edward Roach, who was appointed general, was a middling country-farmer near Wexford; and, before the rebellion, was permanent ſerjeant in Colonel Le Hunte's corps of yeomen-cavalry. He was not much taller than Bagnall Harvey, but a great deal more corpulent, and about forty years old. He wore

common-

common-coloured clothes; which were, a ſnuff-coloured coat, black waiſtcoat, corduroy breeches, and a round hat; but, for diſtinction, he had two moſt enormous gold epaulets, and a ſilk ſaſh and belt, in which he carried a large pair of horſe-piſtols; and he wore a ſword by his ſide. Indeed I never ſaw any thing like an uniform amongſt them, except upon Dick Monk, the ſhoe-black, who, ſhortly after his appointment to the rank of captain, had a light-horſeman's jacket of green made, with ſilver lace croſs-banded in front; pantaloons, to match, with ſilver ſeams; and a green helmet-cap, with a white oſtrich-feather acroſs the top.

The whole of the rebels, as I have obſerved before, wore white bands round their hats. Some of a higher order had the Iriſh harp drawn in gold leaf upon a green ground, encircled with the words "*Erin ga braugh!*" ſignifying "Ire-"land for ever!" Others, of a more deſperate turn, had a broad green ribbon bound entirely round their hats, with "Liberty and "Equality," in large ſilver letters in the front. So great was their veneration for the green colour, that the women were obliged to have ribbons, and many of them neck-handkerchiefs, of that colour; while, on the other hand, their antipathy to orange-colour was ſo great, that

Colonel Le Hunte nearly loſt his life, owing to his having a fire-ſcreen and the furniture of a room trimmed with that colour.

Mr. Keughe, who was made by the rebels governor of Wexford, was originally a drummer in his majeſty's army, (I believe in the 33d regiment,) and, during the American war, had been advanced from that ſtation to the rank of Captain. He had quitted the army, and actually received half-pay at the time the rebellion broke out; was about fifty-four years of age, rather above the middle ſize, and might be called a well-looking man. His head was quite bald in the front, and he wore his hair, which was remarkably white, tied behind. He had very much the appearance and manner of a gentleman, was married to a very handſome woman, much younger than himſelf, but had no children, and was comfortably ſituated in a very good houſe in George's Street, Wexford. When the rebellion broke out, on Whit-Sunday, on the alarm being given, he volunteered in one of the yeomanry-corps, and was actually employed, the evening of that day, in eſtabliſhing fortifications to repulſe the inſurgents; and, on the day following, he was appointed to command a party of volunteers, which was to guard one of the entrances to the town; yet, on the rebels taking poſſeſſion

of

of the town, he joined them, and was appointed chief-governor, and continued in that ſituation till his majeſty's troops obtained poſſeſſion of it. Numbers of priſoners who had been ſeized in the country were carried before him officially, previous to their being committed to gaol.

Having deſcribed the three principal officers among the rebels, I ſhall add a ſhort account of Mr. Cokely and of Mr. Grogan, both men of property in the county of Wexford.

Mr. Cokely was, in ſtature, of a full middle ſize; had rather a long viſage, and wore his own hair, which was of a ſandy colour, tied behind. He was about thirty years of age, of a cheerful aſpect, and polite manners.

Mr. Cornelius Grogan was a gentleman of, I believe, near ſixty years of age, and was conſidered to be one of the richeſt men in the county. He reſided at a place called Johnſtown, about three miles from Wexford, where he had a very large eſtate, ſome hundred acres of which were incloſed in a deer-park. He bore an exceeding good character among his tenantry; but was always thought to be of a retired and remarkably near diſpoſition. He had never been known to take an active part in political matters, but paſſed moſt of his time in trying mechanical experiments, and was eſteemed to be, in this way,

very ingenious. He had two younger brothers, each of whom was colonel of a corps of yeomen, and of approved loyalty. One of them was killed charging the rebels at the head of his corps; and the other was wounded in a like ſituation. In perſon, he was of the middle ſize, and had rather a moroſe countenance.

I ſhall now, before I continue my journal of proceedings after the town was retaken, relate ſome particulars of what paſſed during the time of our confinement in gaol, while the power of the rebels continued to be undiſturbed.

Leſt any apprehenſions of the arrival of Engliſh troops ſhould have an effect on the minds of the rebels, they were conſtantly informed that England was exactly in the ſame ſtate as Ireland; that three counties had already riſen in rebellion; and, on that account, not a ſingle man of the King's troops could poſſibly be ſpared. They ſeemed likewiſe to place great dependance upon the Scotch troops, and hoped, if they came to action together, the Scotch would immediately come over to them; and one day a report was confidently propagated, that two Scotch regiments had ſhot their officers, and joined the rebels in the county of Kildare. To keep up the ſpirits of theſe deluded men, aſſertions were daily made of victories having been gained over the King's troops. One day, a rebel came into

into the gaol, and, knowing me, entered into converſation. He told me Dublin could not hold out a week longer; that it was crowded with inhabitants, and there were but a few days proviſions in the town, which was ſo ſurrounded, that no ſupply could be received. I aſked, if the town might not be ſupplied by ſea? That, he replied, was alſo impoſſible, as the mouth of the harbour was blocked up by their armed boats.

Notwithſtanding the care that was thus hourly taken to impreſs on the minds of the rebels every motive to keep them together, and to render them ſubſervient to ſome order, it proved to be impoſſible. About a week after the rebels had got poſſeſſion of the town of Wexford, the firſt attack upon Roſs was made, and the rebels were defeated. In the retreat, between three and four hundred of the country-people, belonging to a part of the county of Wexford called the Barony of Forth, had, inſtead of proceeding to the camp appointed for them, gone to their own homes; it may be ſuppoſed heartily tired of a life of uncertainty and hardſhip. During the whole of the time they were in poſſeſſion of the county of Wexford, they had been obliged to lie in the open air, without any thing under or over them, except ſome few ſubſtitutes for tents, made with the ticking of beds or ſuch kinds of plunder as they chanced to collect. They had no pay, and

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their ſupply of proviſions was quite uncertain; ſome days having beef and mutton in ſuch quantities, that they could not make uſe of it, but threw it about the fields, where it became putrid; at other times having ſcarcely any thing to eat. Women ſwarmed in their camp, and they had always ſpirituous liquor and muſic. All the blind fiddlers and bag-pipers in the county were with them; and they had drums and fifes, many of which they had found in the barracks of the North-Cork militia. The weather in the month of June proved to be uncommonly warm and dry, or great numbers of this expoſed mob muſt have periſhed by diſorders. It was ſaid among them, and fooliſhly believed, that there would be no wet weather till they had conquered Ireland, and that the great drought was ordained by God to prevent their ſuffering in the open air. Still, as I have obſerved, on the firſt check at Roſs, parties began to fall off, which cauſed General Roach to iſſue a proclamation to the following effect, which was circulated through the country, and paſted up in our gaol:

"Dear fellow-citizens,

"The world with aſtoniſhment beholds, and "future ages will record, the wonderful and

"brilliant

" brilliant victories atchieved by men almoſt
" wholly unacquainted with military tactics and
" hardly able to find men to lead them on
" to conquer. But what force is there can
" withſtand the arms of citizens fighting for
" liberty! — You ſee, that, by our exertions,
" almoſt the whole county is in our poſſeſſion.
" Yet but a few more ſtruggles, and the day
" is our own. Your brethren in different parts
" of the kingdom have only been waiting for
" the ſignal, and you ſoon will ſee them flock-
" ing to the ſtandard of liberty by thouſands.
" Unanimity is what I have chiefly to re-
" commend to you, with ſubordination and
" ſpeedy obedience to the commands of your
" officers, by which means you will enſure
" ſucceſs, and ſoon will ſee the downfal of
" that government which has long been tot-
" tering under the weight of its own crimes
" and enormities, and under the torture and
" burthen of which you have ſo long groaned.
" But, at the ſame time, let me beg of you
" to be particular in your conduct towards
" your priſoners. Remember, numbers whom
" you may have in your poſſeſſion may not
" be guilty through principle, but through ne-
" ceſſity. Remember that many have been
" forced to appear againſt us, for the ſake of
" getting their bread, when their hearts have

" been

" been with us. Remember that this is not " a war for religion, but for liberty; that there " are a great number of great men, who are " proteſtants, who wiſh well to the cauſe in " which we are engaged. Let the ſpeech of " the proteſtant biſhop of Down, in the Iriſh " Houſe of Lords, when the famous Roman- " Catholic Bill was ſent in, never be forgot- " ten, but ſink deep in all your breaſts." — [Then followed a quotation, which I decline giving, leſt I may make ſome miſtakes; but it will be eaſily found by referring to the debates in the Iriſh Houſe of Lords when that bill was before the houſe.]

(Signed) " EDWARD ROACH,
" General of the United Army of the
" county of Wexford, fighting in the
" cauſe of liberty.

" *Vinegar-Hill Camp.*"

Mr. Harvey, as commander-in-chief, at the ſame time iſſued a proclamation, of which the following is a literal copy.

" At

" At a Meeting of the General and ſeveral Of-
" ficers of the United Army of the County
" of Wexford, the following Reſolutions have
" been agreed upon.

" RESOLVED,

" That the commander-in-chief ſhall ſend
" guards to certain baronies, for the purpoſe
" of bringing in all thoſe they ſhall find lurk-
" ing and delaying at home or elſewhere; and,
" if any reſiſtance be given to thoſe guards
" ſo to be ſent by the commanding-officer's
" orders, it is our deſire and orders that ſuch
" perſons, ſo giving reſiſtance, ſhall be lia-
" ble to be put to *death* by the guards, who
" are to bear a commiſſion for that purpoſe;
" and all ſuch perſons ſo to be found loiter-
" ing and delaying at home, when brought
" in by the guards, ſhall be tried by a court-
" martial appointed and choſen from amongſt
" the commanders of all the different corps,
" and not depart therefrom, under pain of death,
" unleſs authorized to quit by written orders
" from the commander-in-chief for that purpoſe.

" It is alſo ordered, that a guard ſhall be
" kept at the rear of the different armies, with
" orders to ſhoot all perſons who ſhall fly or
" deſert from any engagement; and that theſe

" orders be taken notice of by all officers com-
" manding ſuch engagements.

" All men refuſing to obey their ſuperior
" officers to be tried by a court-martial, and
" puniſhed according to their ſentence.

" It is alſo ordered, that all men who ſhall
" leave their reſpective quarters, when they
" have been halted by the commander-in-chief,
" ſhall ſuffer death, unleſs they have leave from
" their officers for ſo doing.

" It is ordered, by the commander-in-chief,
" that all perſons, who ſhall have ſtolen or
" taken away any horſes, ſhall immediately
" bring in ſuch horſes to the camp at head-
" quarters; otherwiſe, any horſe that ſhall be
" ſeen or found in the poſſeſſion of any per-
" ſon to whom he does not belong, ſhall, on
" being convicted thereof, ſuffer death; and
" any perſon or perſons, who ſhall take upon
" them to *kill or murder* any perſon or per-
" ſons, *burn any houſe*, or commit any plunder,
" *without ſpecial written orders from the com-*
" *mander-in-chief*, ſhall ſuffer death.

" Head-quarters, Carrick-Burne Camp,
" June 6, 1798.

" By order of B. B. HARVEY, commander-in-
" chief.

" FRANCIS BRIEN, Sec. and Adj."

Of

Of the neceſſity there was for their rulers recommending a ſpirit of moderation, ſuch as is expreſſed in ſome parts of the foregoing proclamation, the reader will judge from the following circumſtances. The day before the proclamation was iſſued, ſeventy-five proteſtants had been ſhut up in a barn together at Scurrafoe, about eleven miles from Wexford, and the barn was ſet on fire. Some of the miſerable ſufferers endeavoured to eſcape through a ſmall window in the ſide of the barn, but were received on the points of the rebel-pikes, and forced back into the flames. All of them thus periſhed. That the admonition produced no effect, was proved, as the moſt dreadful cruelties and murders were committed in Wexford after this period.

I do not believe that this cruel deed was in conſequence of an order from any of the rebel-commanders, but was an act of the mob. On the contrary, from what I ſaw while I was in confinement, or could learn, I think myſelf bound to ſay, that it is my opinion that ſuch of the rebel-chiefs, as had been in reſpectable ſituations, deteſted the ſyſtem of murder and robbery, which was as univerſally adopted by the upſtart officers and unruly mob, over whom they had little more than a nominal command. Let it then be a warning to men in high ſitu-

ations, how they tamper with and bring into action the turbulent diſpoſitions of bad men, and afford them an opportunity, as was here the caſe, of directing the paſſions and working on the prejudices of low and ignorant people.

It may appear almoſt ridiculous to mention ſome inſtances of the extreme credulity and folly of the mob; but, as the moſt terrible conſequences often proceeded from it, they become intereſting.

Colonel Le Hunte, who is poſſeſſed of a large eſtate in the county of Wexford, has an elegant manſion at Atrammel, on the river Slaney, about four miles from Wexford. He was colonel of a corps of yeomen-cavalry, and near ſixty years of age. On the morning of the day the rebellion broke out, he was left with only eight Proteſtants, who were his domeſtics or tenants, the reſt of his corps having deſerted to the rebels. When the town was taken, he, with his wife and daughter, ſought an aſylum in the houſe of Mrs. Parker, mother of Captain Parker, of the Royal Navy, who loſt his life gallantly fighting for his country. She lived in George's Street, and had not been much moleſted. There Colonel Le Hunte was permitted to remain; but not till he and his family had been baptized in the Catholic chapel, after the Roman-Catholic form.

About

About ten days before the King's troops arrived, Mrs. Dixon, (wife to the publican, who, as I have mentioned before, had been appointed captain by the rebels,) went to the Colonel's houſe at Atrammel, to ſee the perſon who was then the inhabitant, and who had formerly been a ſervant-maid in the Colonel's family. This woman was now ſo certain of being left in poſſeſſion of the houſe, that, when Mrs. Le Hunte, a lady of the moſt amiable character, and who had been always remarkably generous and kind to her ſervants, went to beg ſome of her own linen, ſhe replied, "ſhe had a great deal "of impudence to expect it; for, what buſineſs "had ſhe there? Sure ſhe knew that neither the "houſe, or any thing in it, was any longer her "property." At laſt, ſhe yielded to the earneſt entreaties of Mrs. Le Hunte, ſo far as to conſent that ſhe ſhould take away a ſmall trunk, which contained a few changes of linen, upon condition that ſhe never would come near the houſe again. Mrs. Le Hunte then begged that one of the horſes might be yoked to a cart, to carry the trunk to Wexford; but this was refuſed; and ſhe was obliged, with her own hands, aſſiſted by her daughter, a young lady of ſeventeen years of age, to put a mule to the cart, and to drive it themſelves to the town, to Mrs. Parker's, in George's Street.

During

During her visit at Atrammel, Mrs. Dixon went into the drawing-room, in which there happened to be orange furniture, and two orange silk fire-screens, painted with emblematical figures. She immediately spread the alarm that she had, at last, discovered where the Orange-men held their lodge, and had actually found their colours. The figure of Hope, leaning upon an anchor, she said signified their intention of burning the sailors with red-hot anchors: Vulcan and the Cyclops shewed the manner in which little children were to be burned: and Justice, with her eyes blindfolded, was to signify, that, before they were burned, their eyes would be put out. This strange explanation spread like wild-fire; and, in a short time, the whole town of Wexford was alarmed, and the people went out in a body to meet Mrs. Dixon, who came riding upon a horse, with the two fire-screens borne before her. In this form, the mob roaring and shouting in the most horrid manner, they proceeded to Mrs. Parker's, where Colonel Le Hunte resided. They instantly seized and dragged him into the street, and a thousand voices at once cried out to have his blood. They stripped him of his coat and hat, and were hurrying him to the place of execution. At this critical moment, Father Broe, a Roman-Catholic priest, appeared;

peared; and, forcing his way through the crowd, came up to the Colonel, and declared to thoſe neareſt to him that he ſhould not be put to death till he had been taken to the gaol and tried. To this, by the moſt ſtrenuous exertions, he at laſt prevailed upon them to conſent. When the mob heard that he was carried to the gaol, they concluded that he was to be executed, and a party of them ran to the door of it, ſhouting as if they would rend the ſkies. Inſtantly the gaoler came and locked us who were impriſoned all into our wards. We now thought that Roſs was taken, that nothing could withſtand them, and that they were come to ſacrifice us. Their ſhouts became louder, and the knocking to be admired more violent. I believe that, except the horrible tranſactions in France, ſuch a ſcene was never beheld. At one moment we might have been ſeen on our knees, with deadly horror in our countenances; at another, all flocking to a corner of the paſſage before the cells, determined to die together. The next moment we thought the oppoſite corner more ſecure; and, before we could reach it, we fled in confuſion, ſuppoſing the mob had broken in. Men of ſixty years of age were drowned in tears; ſome almoſt ſtupified.

The furious multitude had indeed got admiſſion into the large yard of the gaol, with their

their devoted victim, who was almoſt exhauſted. It was with the utmoſt difficulty the prieſt could prevent his being piked to death before he reached the gaol, and he had actually received two wounds in his back from their pikes, while on his way, though they had not entered far enough to do him much injury. When he came into the yard, they placed him againſt the wall, telling him to prepare his ſoul, as he had but five minutes to live; and one of them took out a watch to ſee when the time would be expired. Father Broe, ſeeing nothing elſe could ſave him, advanced, and threw his arms about him, and told them to fire as ſoon as they choſe it. This had the deſired effect, upon Mr. Broe aſſuring them, that, if they would leave him till the next morning in the gaol, and then try him, if he was really guilty he would no more interfere. This being ſettled, the Colonel was put into a place called the Condemned Cell, which is a ſtone vault, with iron doors, and no light but what comes through another cell. Here he was left by himſelf, without ſtraw to lie upon, or any thing elſe in the cell, except a quantity of old iron bolts, which had been made for criminals who had been executed. He had not been here long when a wretch, of the name of White, who had, before the rebellion, been committed to

gaol

gaol for robbery, but, with the reſt of the criminals, was releaſed by the rebels, at the time they obtained poſſeſſion of the town, came to him, and ſaid, "Le Hunte, are you a Chriſ-"tian?"* To which the Colonel returned no anſwer. The next day he was tried on the charge of the fire-ſcreens, and was acquitted; but was ſentenced to remain in gaol, where he continued till the King's troops arrived. At the time he was ſeized, Mrs. Parker and the Colonel's family eſcaped from her houſe through a back-window, and did not return to it till the town was retaken.

So dreadful were my reflections at times while I was in the gaol, and the horror of my mind ſo great, from apprehenſions for my wife and child, and the conſtant expectation of being taken out and cruelly murdered, as to produce the moſt ſettled deſpair. This roſe to ſuch a pitch, that, one day, in conjunction with a fellow-ſufferer, after we had conſulted together as to the eaſieſt mode of putting an end to our miſeries, we agreed to bleed ourſelves to death by opening a vein, and ſharpened a knife upon a ſtone for that purpoſe. We

* This thief, being an United Iriſhman, was thus commencing their ſtring of interrogatories, as given before. — See p. 17.

knelt down to pray before we committed the act, when it pleaſed God that our minds became ſoftened, and we felt a ray of hope, which prevented us from completing our criminal and horrid purpoſe.

I cannot forbear to add a few inſtances of brutality, which one could hardly expect but from a Robeſpierre. My wife had been able to procure a bottle of tea and a bit of mutton from a female acquaintance, to take to the gaol, in hopes of conveying it to me. When the rebel-guard at the door underſtood it was intended for me, they broke the bottle, and took away the meat.

A few days afterwards, my wife, with the child in her arms, came to the gaol-door, and begged, in the moſt earneſt manner, to be admitted to ſee me. One, more compaſſionate than the reſt, came and called me out, telling me I ſhould ſee my wife and child. I flew towards them for a laſt look, and to deſire my wife, after my death, to come to London to my mother; but, juſt as I got to the end of the paſſage, and ſaw them ſtanding at the door, ſome of the infernal wretches pointed their pikes at me, and ſwore horribly that, if I advanced a ſtep farther, they would run me through. — What my ſenſations were, on being forced back, may be eaſily conceived!

Another

Another day, my wife went to the houſe of Dr. Jacob, to requeſt him to inform her what he thought would be the fate of the priſoners. On coming out again, with the child in her arms, ſhe was met by one of the rebels, who had a muſket in his hand. He aſked her, for what purpoſe ſhe had been to Dr. Jacob? — She anſwered, to beg him, if he could, to protect her. He replied, that ſhe lied, that ſhe had been to ſpeak about her huſband; and, pointing the muſket at her, ſwore he would have her life. Some women who were preſent caught hold of his arm, and bid him not ſet his wit againſt a woman. He anſwered, that, if ever he met her again, he would have her life and that of the child. From that time, when obliged to go out, ſhe always left the child by itſelf, and borrowed an old cloak to diſguiſe herſelf.

The next proclamation was iſſued on the 9th day of June, of which the following is a copy:

"PROCLAMATION

"*Of the People of the County of Wexford.*

"Whereas it ſtands manifeſtly notorious that "JAMES BOYD, HAWTRY WHITE, HUN-"TER GOWRAN, and ARCHIBALD HAMIL-"TON JACOB, late magiſtrates of this county,

" have committed the moſt horrid acts of cru-
" elty, violence, and oppreſſion, againſt our
" peaceable and well-affected countrymen: Now
" WE, THE PEOPLE, aſſociated and united for
" the purpoſe of procuring our juſt rights, and
" being determined to protect the perſons and
" properties of thoſe of all religious perſuaſions
" who have not oppreſſed us, and are willing
" with heart and hand to join our glorious cauſe,
" as well as to ſhew our marked diſapprobation
" and horror of the crimes of the above delin-
" quents, do call on our countrymen at large to
" uſe every exertion in their power to appre-
" hend the bodies of the aforeſaid JAMES
" BOYD, &c. &c. &c. and to ſecure and con-
" vey them to the gaol of Wexford, to be
" brought before the TRIBUNAL OF THE
" PEOPLE.

" Done at Wexford, this 9th day of June,
" 1798.

" GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE."

The perſons mentioned in this proclamation were gentlemen of moſt reſpectable characters. Mr. Boyd was captain of the Wexford cavalry, and member of parliament for that town; and had always been diſtinguiſhed as a good commander and an active magiſtrate. Mr. Gowran was alſo a juſtice of the peace, and reſided on the borders

borders of the county, where he acted in his magiſterial capacity with ſuch vigilance, as to be looked up to as a protector by all good men, and was in an equal degree dreaded by the profligate. Mr. Jacob was chief magiſtrate of Enniſcorthy, and captain of the Enniſcorthy yeomen-cavalry, and was univerſally reſpected for his upright conduct. Mr. White was alſo a magiſtrate, and captain of a corps of yeomen-cavalry in the interior part of the county. He had been remarkably active in endeavouring to bring back the poor deluded people to a ſenſe of their duty, by ſhewing them the folly and danger of rebellious proceedings. Indeed I may add, that to him it may be aſcribed, that the rebellion did not become more general. The grounds I have for this aſſertion are as follows: — A clergyman of the church of England, of the name of Owen, at the time the town of Gorey was taken by the rebels, became their priſoner. They put on his head a cap filled with pitch and Spaniſh flies, ſtripped him of his clothes, and, after covering him with the rags of a labourer, forced him to ſhew his head at a window, for the amuſement of the mob, who were called upon to look at *the Devil*. They afterwards obliged him, with thirteen other perſons, to walk bare-footed from Gorey to Wexford, which is twenty-four miles, on as hot a day as I can remember; and when

he

he occaſionally halted, from extreme pain, cauſed by his tender feet being cut by the gravel, the rebels would prick him with their pikes, to urge him forward. In this miſerable condition, he, with his diſtreſſed comrades, were brought to the gaol of Wexford. The day after, a very genteel man, who appeared to be one of the rebel-officers, (I have forgot his name,) came into the gaol-yard, and called for Mr. Owen, and expreſſed much concern on ſeeing him in that ſituation; and aſſured him, that, had he been with the party, Mr. Owen ſhould not have ſuffered as he had done. That he might ſend to his family, and order any thing he ſtood in need of, which they could ſupply him with. He then began a diſcourſe relative to the rebellion. He told Mr. Owen, that, in fact, it had broke out too ſoon by two months; that the other counties were not in ſo forward a ſtate of preparation as was intended;* and that, in the county of Wexford,

* As a proof of this, ſome days before the arrival of the King's troops, an order came from the rebels in the county of Kilkenny, for ſix thouſand pikes and pike-handles, to be made in Wexford, for their uſe. To expedite this buſineſs, Thomas Richards, a proteſtant blackſmith, was taken out of the gaol to which he had been committed, and ſet to work, to aſſiſt in completing this order; and the timber for the pike-handles was on the ſaw-pits at the time the King's troops

ford, the inſurgents would not have riſen at the time they did, had not the exertions of the magiſtrates, and particularly Mr. Hawtry White, rendered it neceſſary for them to declare their purpoſe. That a few days before they appeared in a hoſtile form, Mr. Hawtry White ſent for him, and informed him, that it was well known that he belonged to the United Iriſhmen, and had great influence among thoſe of the county of Wexford; and added, that, if he did not, within three days, deliver up, or cauſe to be delivered up, the arms that were concealed among the country-people, he ſhould certainly be committed to gaol.—"I then," ſaid the gentleman, "knew "it was either death or liberty; I choſe glorious "liberty, and the iſſue you well know." From this it appears, that the vigilance and the exertions, which by ſome have been moſt unjuſtly called rigour, ſaved Ireland from as dreadful anarchy as ever nation groaned under. The multitudes which were collected in the diſtrict of Wexford will enable us to judge of the numbers which might have been brought forth in other counties; and, perhaps, if more time had been given them, they would have been better diſciplined. In ſhort, it

troops entered Wexford. Benches, for the carpenters to work at, were placed round the bull-ring, which is a ſort of ſquare, that it might be ſeen the workmen did not loſe any time.

is very probable, if the rebellion had been poſtponed a few months, Ireland would have been loſt. Four better magiſtrates, and, I believe, better men, than Meſſrs. Boyd, Gowran, Jacob, and White, could not be found in the country; and their ſervices to the public, on this occaſion, will, I truſt, never be forgotten by thoſe who reſpect peace, order, and ſecurity, and are attached to their King and Conſtitution.

Whatever might have been the real views of the politicians whoſe harangues and writings tended to produce this dreadful rebellion, which, profeſſedly, they denominated reform, toleration, &c. the very reverſe would have been the effect of it. The intolerant prejudices of the Catholics, it was ſoon proved, had no bounds. The extinction of the proteſtant religion was the favourite idea of the great maſs of the rebels, and their ſtrongeſt motive to action. Reform was never thought of by them,* nothing leſs than breaking off all con-

* It appeared on one of the late trials for High Treaſon in Dublin, that, on the 19th of laſt February, (the night when the Earl of Moira made a motion, in the Houſe of Lords of Ireland, to recommend conciliatory meaſures,) it was reſolved by the principal Committee of United Iriſhmen in Dublin, "that they would not acquieſce in any reform, "ſhort of a total change of government and a ſeparation "from England."

nection

nection with England, and a total change of the eſtabliſhed government in Ireland; and even an expectation of being able to attack England as an enemy, was warmly encouraged by them. So far from toleration in religious matters being allowed, Mr. Bagnall Harvey and their other proteſtant leaders, thought it prudent to attend maſs in their camps.

In the town of Wexford, proteſtant men and women were obliged to recant; and, with their children, were required to be baptized in the Catholic chapel, after the Roman-Catholic manner, and to attend maſs. Even the protection, granted by the prieſts to the proteſtant men and women, after they had been thus baptized, was, "Protect, in the name of Jeſus Chriſt, *A, B.* "he or ſhe having been made a Chriſtian, and "a member of the Catholic church." (Signed by the prieſt.) But here I muſt, in juſtice to many excellent prieſts, make a diſtinction between them and ſuch others as fomented the diſturbances. It was not by deſire of the prieſts of the town of Wexford, that the Proteſtants were forced to yield to this neceſſity; but it was owing to the ferocity of the mob, who could not bear the name of a Proteſtant. The conduct of the Roman-Catholic clergy of Wexford cannot be too much commended. The titular Biſhop Caulfield, Father Curran, Father Broe, and indeed

the whole of the prieſts and friars of that town, on all occaſions, uſed their intereſt and exerted their abilities in the cauſe of humanity. Every Sunday, after maſs, they addreſſed their audience, and implored them, in the moſt earneſt manner, not to ill-treat their priſoners, and not to have upon their conſciences the reflection of having ſhed innocent blood. When they heard of executions going forward, they flew to the ſpot, and by every entreaty endeavoured to reſcue the victims from deſtruction. Sometimes they ſucceeded; and, when they failed, they ſhewed ſufficiently how ſenſibly they felt for the unhappy perſons they could not ſave. The gallant Lord Kingſborough owed his life to the reſolute interpoſition of the Catholic biſhop. His Lordſhip, on hearing of the diſturbances, had left Dublin, with a view of joining his regiment, the North Cork militia. Not knowing the town of Wexford was taken, he was proceeding towards it, with two of his officers, in a ſmall ſloop; but, at a ſhort diſtance from the harbour, the veſſel was attacked by ſeveral armed boats belonging to the rebels. His Lordſhip, with his uſual courage, endeavoured to defend himſelf, but was overpowered by numbers; and, with his two officers, Captain Burke and Captain O'Hay, the ſecond day after the town was taken, was brought into Wexford;

and

and they were confined together at a public houſe, the corner of the bull-ring, and a ſtrong guard placed over them. Lord Kingſborough was univerſally beloved by all the officers and privates of his regiment, being more the father, than the commander, of his men. He had, with princely munificence, built ſeveral neat almshouſes at Michelſtown, near which he has a country-ſeat, (about thirty miles from Cork,) for the accommodation of gentlemen and ladies in decayed circumſtances, with the addition of a garden, and thirty pounds a-year to each. His Lordſhip is in perſon a very fine man, and his manners are ſo free and diveſted of pride, that he was the delight of the people. Yet the excellent character he had borne did not now avail him any thing; and this nobleman, who, a few days before, appeared to be almoſt at the ſummit of earthly happineſs, having fallen into the hands of theſe mad and wicked reformers of the ſtate, was by them confined in a dram-ſhop, ſurrounded by ruffian guards, denied any intercourſe with his friends, and in hourly expectation of being maſſacred. In this trying ſituation, his Lordſhip conducted himſelf with his uſual fortitude and magnanimity.

After a few days, the gaol was ſo crowded that no room was left for the proteſtant priſoners, who were daily brought in from diffe-

rent parts of the county. The rebels then fitted up two large sloops, as prison-ships, and put at the bottom a quantity of straw, and gratings over the hatchways. These vessels were taken through the bridge of Wexford (which is a draw-bridge) unrigged, and were moored in the middle of the river. A number of the most respectable gentlemen of the county, who were prisoners, were then put on board, and, with them, Lord Kingsborough and his officers; but he had not been long in this situation, before he was so beset with rats, that he was necessitated to send to Captain Keughe, then the rebel-governor of the town, and in the most earnest manner entreat to be removed to any other place, were it ever so mean. This request was complied with; and his Lordship, with his officers, under a strong guard of pike-men, was taken back to his old lodgings at the drum-shop. Several times did detachments come down from the rebel-camp to demand his life; and, the day before the town was taken by the King's troops, which was the time fixed upon for a general massacre of the prisoners, a party came to his Lordship's lodgings to demand his body; but the guards, who were chiefly townsmen, and, generally speaking, less blood-thirsty than the country-people, refused. While this altercation continued, the Catholic Bishop Caulfield arrived, and, find-

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ing that all the arguments he could uſe had no effect, he ruſhed through the crowd, and, forcing into the room where his Lordſhip was, he placed himſelf before him, and told the rebels if they choſe to fire they might; but, if they would murder his Lordſhip, it ſhould not be before they had killed him. This threat had the deſired effect: the rebels went away, leaving Lord Kingſborough and the Biſhop together.

I wiſh I could, with truth, ſpeak as favourably of other deſcriptions of the Catholic prieſts as I am bound to do of thoſe of the town of Wexford; but greater monſters of iniquity than ſome of the country-prieſts I believe never exiſted. Every deception, that could influence the minds of the infatuated people, was practiſed by them. It will hardly be credited, in this country, that thouſands of the Iriſh are in ſuch a ſtate of ignorance as eaſily to believe the moſt extravagant reports and deluſions. At the battle of Three Rocks, before the town of Wexford was taken by the rebels, a prieſt, of the name of Murphy, marched at their head, telling them to follow him, and not to fear; for, if they took up the duſt from the roads, and threw it at the King's troops, they would fall dead before them. The rebel-camps were conſtantly attended by numbers of theſe prieſts, ſaying maſs every day, and pretending to give

charms

charms which would prevent the balls of the ſoldiers from injuring them. To this cauſe principally may be attributed the undaunted manner in which the rebels often faced the cannon. You might ſee hundreds of them, with cords round their waiſts, on which were ſeven knots, which they were perſuaded to believe would effectually preſerve them in the day of battle. That no compunction might riſe in their breaſts, on account of the murders they were daily committing, their prieſts aſſured them it was ordained by God, and that it had been prophecied there ſhould be but one religion, and that was to be the Roman-Catholic; ſo that, in deſtroying the Proteſtants, they were performing a duty to heaven. It may here be aſked, Were there no Proteſtants among the rebels? I anſwer, Some few Proteſtants there were; and they found it neceſſary to aſſent and to accommodate themſelves to the humours, the prejudices, the vices, and cruelties, of the mob of Catholics, and by that means prevented diſunion.

The favourite hope of the rebels, as I have before obſerved, was, that they ſhould be able to eſtabliſh the Roman-Catholic religion in Ireland, and exclude every other mode of worſhip. Liberty and Equality were alſo their conſtant theme; yet, ſuch were the indiſtinct notions of the lower orders of the people, that they

often

often talked of having Lord Edward Fitzgerald to be their King. The French they looked to for certain assistance, and confidently believed fifty sail of the line and a large army would be sent from France to support them. One of them, who appeared to be a man much more improved than the generality of them, told me, that, four years ago, delegates from France had been in Ireland; but, perceiving that the lower orders of the people shewed no symptoms of desire for a change of government, they reported their opinions to the French Rulers, who suspended their intention of invading that country: but, about two years ago, the United Irishmen had sent to France such information as induced them to send over two delegates to Ireland, who then found the minds of the people in a very different state, from the exertions of that body of traitors.

I shall conclude this part of my narrative with mentioning, that Mr. Bagnall Harvey came to the gaol twice only during my confinement there. The last time, he was accompanied by a cousin of his, of the name of Lett, a boy not more than eleven years of age; but he bore the commission of a captain of the rebels. Mr. Harvey spoke to some of the gentlemen who were confined, and then went away; two days after which, (the Saturday before the town was retaken,) we heard he had resigned the command

of

of the rebels, and was gone nobody knew whereto.

General Routh I never saw, after he gave the alarm on the bridge, of Vinegar-Hill being attacked; to which myself and two others, out of ninety-eight who were carried there to be murdered, owed our lives. The other ninety-five, as I have already mentioned, were all massacred.

I shall now continue my journal, and give some account of the proceedings after his Majesty's troops took possession of Wexford, which was on Thursday, June 21.

On Friday, June 22, several of his Majesty's gun-boats and cutters (there not being sufficient depth of water for larger vessels) arrived, for the purpose of assisting the military, in quest of resistance from the town. They towed out the two vessels which had been converted into prisons, and burnt them, and another sloop, belonging to the captain who took Lord Kingsborough prisoner.

We now had once more the heart-felt satisfaction of seeing the English jack triumphant over the rebel *native* flag.

General Lake published a proclamation, assuring all such as would come forward and deliver up their arms, that they should find mercy and protection. He also issued general orders that no person should be put to death, unless he had been

been tried and condemned by a court-martial. He alſo forbid any inhabitant or other perſon being moleſted, with ſtrict orders that no ſoldier ſhould be allowed to take away any article from any perſon without paying for it.

Two men were this day hanged, but their names I do not know.

The diſtreſs of the town, from want of proviſions, will readily be ſuppoſed. After having been in the poſſeſſion of thouſands of lawleſs banditti for three weeks, little could be left. Fortunately, on Sunday morning, June 24, near a hundred baſkets of bread arrived from Dublin, part of which General Lake ordered to be carried to the bakers, to be delivered by them at the Dublin prices, which proved a very ſenſible relief to the inhabitants.

This day, a man, dreſſed in woman's clothes, came into the town as a ſpy. His name was M'Guire. He was by trade a nailer; and had, ſome time before, been in gaol for treaſonable practices. Being diſcovered, he was immediately executed at the bridge.

The court-martials for the trials of the priſoners alſo began this day. Captain Keugbe, who had been rebel-governor of the town, was convicted. It may ſeem ſtrange that he, who had been in ſo conſpicuous a ſituation, ſhould not have made his eſcape when the King's troops

approached towards the town; but he expected to have secured his safety by negociation, as appears by the following proposal, which he transmitted to General Lake:

"That Captain M'Manus* shall proceed "from Wexford towards Oulart, accompanied "by Mr. E. Hay, appointed, by the inhabitants "of all religious persuasions, to inform the "officer commanding the King's troops that "they are ready to deliver up the town of "Wexford without opposition, lay down their "arms, and return to their allegiance, provided "that their persons and properties are guaranteed "by the commanding-officer; and that they will "use every influence in their power to induce "the people of the country at large to return to "their allegiance also. These terms we hope "Captain M'Manus will be able to procure.

"(Signed,)

"By order of the inhabitants of Wexford,

"MATT. KEUGHE."

* Captain M'Manus was an officer of the Antrim militia, and had been confined in Wexford gaol by the rebels. Mr. E. Hay was captain in the North-Cork militia, and was under confinement with Lord Kingsborough. —— It was supposed by Captain Keughe that an application through these officers would have better effect.

Lieutenant-

Lieutenant-General Lake made the following answer to Mr. Keughe's propoſals.

"Lieutenant-General Lake cannot attend to "any terms offered by *rebels* in arms againſt "their Sovereign: while they continue ſo, he "muſt uſe the force entruſted to him with the "utmoſt energy for their deſtruction.

"To the deluded multitude he promiſes par-"don, on their delivering into his hands their "leaders, ſurrendering their arms, and return-"ing with ſincerity to their allegiance.

(Signed) "G. LAKE.

"*Enniſcorthy, June* 22, 1798."

Eight other rebels were convicted the ſame day that Captain Keughe was found guilty. One of theſe was Father Roach, a prieſt, who had peculiarly diſtinguiſhed himſelf among the rebels by his example in leading them on to battle, by religious exhortations, and by his aſſurances of the certain effects of thoſe conſecrated charms, which, if they wore them in the face of their enemies, he ſaid would protect them from danger. They were all ſentenced to be hanged the next day at eleven o'clock, at the bridge,

where the Proteſtants had been ſo cruelly murdered.

In the courſe of this day, a conſiderable number of rebels were taken up and committed to the gaol.

Monday, June 25, Captain Keughe, Father Roach, and the ſeven other convicted rebels, were brought to the bridge of Wexford at eleven o'clock, according to the ſentence paſſed on them. The crowd aſſembled was very great; which I mention as I wiſh to remark how different the conduct of the ſpectators on this melancholy occaſion was, when compared with the licentious and inhuman fury of that mob which ſurrounded and witneſſed the maſſacre of the Proteſtants. Thoſe victims, while on their way to execution, were deafened by the exultations, and oppreſſed by the inſults, of the ſavage-minded men and women, who, in droves, preſſed upon them on all ſides. What a reverſe did the preſent ſcene exhibit! Recent as were the injuries which had been ſuſtained by thoſe who were now liberated from priſon, and inflamed as the minds of the various ſufferers by the rebellion may be ſuppoſed to have been, yet not a reflection was caſt by them upon any of the convicts, nor a geſture ſeen that could diſturb them at this awful moment. The ſentiment which produced ſuch decorum at ſuch a time evidently

evidently proceeded from the temperate and humane manner in which the law was put in force by the commander-in-chief, even againſt thoſe rebels whoſe conduct had been moſt flagitious.

Captain Keughe made a ſpeech of ſome length, which, as I was not near to him, I could not hear. I was informed it chiefly tended to exculpate him from the ignominy of being ſuppoſed to have taken any part in thoſe cruelties which had been committed by the rebels, which, on the contrary, he ſaid he had always uſed his utmoſt exertions to prevent. He deſired that the Rev. Mr. Elgee, the proteſtant miniſter, might be ſent for, which requeſt was immediately granted. With him Captain Keughe continued ſome time in prayer. He was then executed; and, after having hung about a quarter of an hour, was cut down, and the head ſeparated from the body, which was caſt into the river, in the ſame place where the bodies of the murdered Proteſtants had been thrown. His head was fixed upon a pike, and placed upon the Court-Houſe.

Happily, ſuch is the horror which every human being, that is not in the moſt depraved ſtate, has of cruelty and murder, that anxiety to wipe away the ſtain of ſuch a reproach is commonly obſerved to operate upon men in

their

their laſt moments. Thus it was with Mr. Keughe, and to a certain degree I give him credit; but this I muſt ſay, that, on the day when I, with the two other Proteſtants, were called out and forced to execute Murphy, as the proceſſion paſſed by the Cuſtom-Houſe, I obſerved Captain Keughe on the quay, with a great number of pike-men formed in a line. When we paſſed him, he ſaluted the guard after the military manner. As I knew him well before the rebellion, from his having been accuſtomed to call upon me at my ſhop, I did all in my power by geſtures to attract his attention and move his compaſſion, but without effect: he would not look at me. Thus, if he did not perpetrate, he aſſented to, the horrid murders which were committed, which renders his juſtification doubtful.

Father Roach, the Roman-Catholic prieſt who was executed with Captain Keughe, was brother to General Roach. He was a man of uncommon ſtature, and was ſo heavy that the firſt rope, by which he was ſuſpended, broke. Another was immediately procured. I have before related ſome particulars of his conduct among the rebels.

At the ſame time, a man of the name of John Heron was executed. He was a grocer in the town of Wexford, and had a ſhop directly oppoſite

posite to mine. He was made a lieutenant by the rebels, and accompanied Edward Fraine, the tanner, in that capacity, the morning I was appointed to shoot Murphy.* When Fraine informed me that I was to be employed on this dreadful service, I went up to Mr. Heron, hoping, that, as we had always been on friendly

* To prevent any mistakes on account of the names being similar, I wish it to be understood that there were two men of the name of *Murphy*, whom a select number of protestant prisoners were compelled by the rebels to execute: the man I have mentioned above, who it was decreed by the rebels should be executed by Gurly, Mathews, and myself; and another man of the same name, who was shot by Mr. Robinson, Mr. Daniel, and Mr. Pickot; all of them gentlemen of excellent characters, who had appointments in the revenue. ——The other Murphy was condemned by the rebels for having given evidence against a Roman-Catholic priest, one Dixon, who had endeavoured to seduce him to take the oath of the United Irishmen when he came to him to confession. The priest was found guilty, and sent to serve in his Majesty's fleet. This Murphy had been gardener to Mr. Edwards, of Ballahire, in the county of Wexford. After the above gentlemen had shot him, they were forced to drag his dead body to the water-side, and throw it in. These were the only Roman-Catholics that were put to death by the rebels, and both of them suffered for having given evidence against them. I may here remind the reader that Mr. Robinson and Mr. Daniel were both piked on the bridge. Mr. Pickot had the good fortune to be released from prison by the King's troops, and, I am informed, continues to reside in Wexford.

terms,

terms, he would intercede for me; but he refuſed.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

This day Edward Fraine was tried. On his trial, among many circumſtances by which his guilt was proved in the cleareſt manner, evidence was given, that, one morning, he being in the gaol, a priſoner applied to him for ſomething to eat, and was anſwered by Fraine, "That, if he "wanted a breakfaſt, he ſhould have a bellyful of "pikes." The priſoner who applied was Mr. Lakey, a gentleman in the revenue. Fraine admitted the charges brought againſt him, and was condemned to be executed within an hour; but, having petitioned for more time, to ſettle his affairs, he was allowed till eleven o'clock the next morning. He was then executed at the bridge. He was a handſome young man, about twenty-five years of age, and had not been long married.

This afternoon information was received that Mr. Beauchamp Bagnall Harvey and Mr. Colclough had been diſcovered in a cave in the Saltee-Iſlands, about a league and a half from Wexford. A company of the Queen's Royals, or ſecond regiment of foot, was immediately diſpatched in a King's cutter to apprehend them.

The trial of Mr. Cornelius Grogan alſo commenced this afternoon, which laſted ſeveral hours.

He

He endeavoured to prove that he was forced into the rebel-ſervice; but he was clearly convicted of having taken a buſy part in it, and acted as commiſſary to the rebel-army. I was not preſent at his trial; and can give no farther account of it, only that, at his requeſt, it was adjourned till the next morning, as he ſaid he ſhould then be able to produce witneſſes to prove that he had not wilfully joined the rebels.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.

The adjourned trial of Mr. Grogan recommenced, and laſted four hours, (in the whole, nine hours,) when he was found guilty.

A party, conſiſting of a ſerjeant's guard belonging to the 29th regiment, was now ordered to march to the quay to receive Mr. Bagnall Harvey and Mr. Colclough, who had been taken priſoners in the Saltee-Iſlands; and about three o'clock this afternoon they arrived. Great numbers of officers, belonging to the different corps now in the town, had aſſembled on the quay to ſee men who had become ſo notorious.

On their landing, Mr. Harvey appeared to be very much dejected, and ſcarcely ſpoke to any one. Mr. Colclough, on the contrary, ſeemed to be in very good ſpirits. On hearing many per-

ſons inquiring Which was Mr. Harvey, and which Mr. Colclough? he pulled off his hat, and, bowing in the moſt polite manner, ſaid, "Gentlemen, my name is Colclough." They were then both taken to the gaol.

Some of the ſoldiers, who had been of the party ſent to the Saltee-Iſlands to apprehend Mr. Harvey and Mr. Colclough, informed me, that, when they came to the iſland, they found but one houſe upon it, in which lived an old man and his family; that, upon their landing, they heard ſomebody holla, as if to give warning to others, and they then ſaw the old man run acroſs a field into his houſe. The ſoldiers followed him, and endeavoured, by every entreaty, to prevail upon him to diſcover to them the place where the fugitives were concealed, but without effect. Finding they could obtain no intelligence by this mode of addreſs, and having certain information that the perſons they ſought for were there, they tied him up and gave him two dozen laſhes, when he acknowledged that Mr. Colclough and Mr. Harvey were in a cave in a rock cloſe to the ſea-ſide. He then conducted the ſoldiers to the other ſide of the iſland, where they found the cave; but it was ſo ſituated that it was impoſſible to approach the fugitives without a great deal of trouble and danger. It was then thought moſt prudent

dent to call to Mr. Harvey, who making no anſwer, the commander of the party told thoſe within, that all reſiſtance was vain, that he had a large body of men with him, and ſhould immediately order them to fire into the cave, if thoſe who were concealed there did not come out. On this, Mr. Colclough appeared, and both he and Mr. Harvey ſurrendered themſelves. The ſoldiers were of opinion, that, if he had defended himſelf, by firing through the chinks of the rocks, he might have killed ſeveral of them before they could poſſibly have ſhot at him with any effect. When he was taken, he had an old muſket, a pocket-piſtol, and two cutlaſſes. His wife was with him. There was a very neat feather-bed, blanket, and ſheets, in the cave, and a keg of whiſkey; alſo a jar of wine, a tub of butter, and ſome biſcuits; a large pound-cake, that weighed above twenty pounds; a live ſheep and a crock of pickled pork; alſo tea, ſugar, &c. Two cheſts of plate were alſo found near the cave. Theſe were brought in the boat to town, and placed under the care of a magiſtrate. Mrs. Harvey was not brought to Wexford with her huſband and Mr. Colclough.

In the evening, the trial of Mr. Harvey commenced; and, notwithſtanding the notoriety of his guilt, ſuch were the candour and forbearance

of the court-martial that his trial laſted eight hours, when he was found guilty.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

This morning, about ten o'clock, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Grogan, and a Mr. Prendergaſt, a very rich merchant, were brought to the place of execution on the bridge. When they arrived at the fatal ſpot, Mr. Harvey, in a very low tone of voice, ſpoke to the gentlemen who ſtood round him. He declared, that, if he had had the leaſt idea that ſuch enormities and murders would have been committed upon the Proteſtants as had been, he would have had no concern in the buſineſs. He ſeemed to be very penitent, and was very loath to die, endeavouring all he could to delay the execution. Mr. Grogan aſked Mr. Harvey if he had not been forced to join the rebels, to which Mr. Harvey anſwered — Yes. (This I did not hear; but a perſon, who ſtood nearer to them than I, aſſured me of it.) Mr. Grogan at this moment expreſſed a deſire to ſee his brother, Colonel John Grogan, who accordingly came to him. They took each other by the hand, and bid a laſt farewel. The priſoners then knelt down, and prayed a few minutes, and were then launched into eternity. After they had hung about ten minutes they were taken down, and the heads of Mr. Harvey and

Mr.

Mr. Grogan were cut off; after which, the three bodies were thrown into the river. The heads of Mr. Harvey and Mr. Grogan were fixed, on each ſide of that of Captain Keughe, on the top of the Court-Houſe.

I ſhall now haſten to conclude my narrative; for, were I to relate all the inſtances of hardſhips of the ſevereſt kind, ſuffered by the moſt reſpectable individuals, they would almoſt fill a volume. I have been aſſured, from undoubted authority, that, when the rebels got poſſeſſion of the town of Wexford, Mrs. Ogle, (wife of the Right Hon. George Ogle, many years member for the county,) and her ſiſter, Miſs Moore, like many others, got on board a veſſel lying in the harbour, with the hope of eſcaping by ſea; but they had not been long on board before the veſſel was attacked and boarded by one of the armed boats belonging to the rebels. The ruffians, when they ſeized them, treated them, and many other ladies with them, with the greateſt inſolence and brutality, threatening to put all the *men* on board immediately to death; which ſo terrified one young woman that ſhe leaped into the ſea, ſaying, ſhe would not live to ſee her huſband murdered. After all the ladies on board were brought back to Wexford, they were confined (*four-and-twenty* in number) in a ſmall room, where they remained, for above three weeks,

weeks, without any thing to lie upon but ſtraw, and without having it in their power, in all that time, to take off their clothes. During the whole time of their confinement, from which they were releaſed by the King's troops retaking the town, the only allowance of food for theſe twenty-four ladies was, an ox's head and four pounds of tripe, with a ſmall portion of bread, which was to ſerve them for two days.

Having been informed, that a veſſel was preparing to ſail for England, with diſpatches from General Lake to Government, I made all the intereſt I could to obtain a paſſage in her; and the hardſhips and dangers I had ſuffered were deſcribed to Captain Keen, of the Royal Navy, in ſuch a manner, that he conſented to give me a paſſage, if I could obtain a paſſport from General Lake. This I applied for; and a paſſport was immediately granted me, a copy of which I have prefixed to this narrative. The ecſtaſy I felt, on being permitted to quit a country in which I had ſo long lived in a ſtate of dreadful apprehenſion, I ſhall never be able to expreſs: it ſeemed almoſt to deprive me of my ſenſes. How ſweet was the name of England at that moment!

Before I went on board the veſſel, I ſaw Mr. Colclough, who had been tried and convicted, brought by himſelf to the place of execution at the bridge, between five and ſix o'clock this evening.

evening. As ſoon as he came to the foot of the gallows, he addreſſed the ſpectators with a firm diſtinct voice, and without the leaſt change of countenance, nearly as follows: — "Gentle-"men, I am now come to that time which is "the moſt awful that man can experience. "Thank God, I am not afraid to die! I can "ſmile at the gallows and at the rope with "which I am to be executed! I wiſh to feel "if it be ſtrong enough." [He took hold of the rope, and proceeded.] "I ſhall thank you, "gentlemen, for a little water, as I deſire to "drink a toaſt before I die." [Some water was immediately brought him, and he took the mug in his hand.] "Here," ſaid he, "is ſuc-"ceſs to the King and Conſtitution; and I hope "my fate will be a warning to all mankind not "to attempt to interfere with the order of go-"vernment, or to diſturb the peace of their "country. As I ſhall anſwer it to God, "before whom I muſt ſhortly appear," [here he laid his hand upon his breaſt,] "I de-"clare that I did not know of the rebellion "breaking out till within three hours of the "time when arms were taken up. But I ac-"knowledge the juſtice of my ſentence; for, "about three years ago, I was one of the "principal abettors in this buſineſs. I have "now, gentlemen, only one favour to aſk of

"you,

" you, which is, that you will not take off " my coat and waiſtcoat, as I have only an " old borrowed ſhirt under them, and I wiſh " to appear decently before the people." [All the other criminals, it ſhould be obſerved, were ſtripped to their ſhirts before their execution.]

He then knelt down and prayed a few minutes; after which he was drawn up, and I quitted the ſpot while he was ſuſpended.

The perſons whom I have already mentioned, and two others, were all that were executed while I remained in Wexford. Meſſrs. Harvey, Keughe, Grogan, and Colclough, were Proteſtants. Mr. Colclough was of a very reſpectable family, and poſſeſſed conſiderable property in the county of Wexford, and was very much eſteemed by all who knew him, as a worthy and ingenious man.

In the evening of the 28th of June, I, with my wife and child, went on board the ſloop; and, after a paſſage of two days and two nights, during which we were toſſed about by contrary winds, we were ſafely landed at Milford, in South Wales, having no other clothes than thoſe we then wore, and not a ſhilling in our pockets; but, to the everlaſting honour of the inhabitants of that place, we were no ſooner put on ſhore, and our caſe known, than each of them ſtrove who ſhould firſt render us aſſiſtance. A guinea was inſtantly

inſtantly gathered for us among the bye-ſtanders, and our other wants were immediately ſupplied. — The next day, a recommendation, by the Iriſh refugees from Wexford, was written for me to the committee at Haverfordweſt, from whom I received ten guineas to carry me and my family to London; and it was not to us only that this bounty was extended, but to every other perſon, who had ſuffered by the rebellion, that applied to them. The impreſſion theſe inſtances of humanity made on our minds is indelible. Once more did human nature appear to us amiable, and again we could acknowledge compaſſionate ſympathy and benevolence. How deteſtable is that man who, to gratify his ambitious paſſions, or to indulge his fanciful theories, would endeavour to diſturb the peace of his fellow-ſubjects, to inflame their minds againſt each other, and eventually, as I have ſhewn, extinguiſh the beſt propenſities of our nature!

On Monday, July 2, we ſet off for London, and found, every where on the road, people anxiouſly inquiring for news from Ireland. Short as was the account I was able to give at the places where we occaſionally ſtopped, it was ſufficient to excite aſtoniſhment and horror. I was truly happy to have theſe proofs that my countrymen were not tainted with the vile princi-

ples which have nearly ruined our ſiſter kingdom.

I have now only to add, that I truſt the hiſtory of theſe atrocities (for the truth of every word of which I appeal to all thoſe, who were impriſoned along with me, who were not maſſacred, and to all the ſurviving inhabitants of Wexford) will induce all my fellow-ſubjects to a good and gracious King to be ſatisfied with that ſituation in life in which Divine Providence has been pleaſed to place them, and to conſider as their worſt enemies thoſe who endeavour to make them diſcontented; reſting aſſured, that their own induſtry and honeſt endeavours will more ſpeedily and ſafely better their conditions than any of the doctrines which they teach; to hold faſt to the glorious Conſtitution of our anceſtors, which gives the beſt poſſible ſecurity to life, liberty, and property; and to abhor all innovation, as opening a door to confuſion, plunder, cruelty, and death.

CHARLES JACKSON.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 14, line 15, for *Orange-men* read *Orange-man.*

—— 18, —— 20, for *bleſs* read *croſs.*

—— 23, —— 4, for *ſeveral* read *two.*

—— 35, —— 10 and 12, for *Cokely* read *Colclough.*

—— 43, —— 7, for *Scurrafoe* read *Scullabogue.*

—— 58, laſt line but one, for *O'Hay* read *E. Hay.*

—— 71, —— 7 of note, for *Picket* read *Pigott.*

ERRATA.

Page 14, line 15, for Orange-tree read Orange-tree.

—— 18, —— 20, for [illegible] read [illegible].

—— 23, —— 4, for [illegible] read [illegible].

—— 35, —— 10 and 12, for Cindy read Cinda.

—— 42, —— 7, for Sawyer read [illegible].

—— 58, last line but one, for Cindy read Ida.

—— 71, —— 7 of note, for Tobby read Peggy.